

VISITS OF BURGLARIBUS

By FRANCES DE WOLF FENWICK.

Clytie put a dab of sepiol on her canvas, drew back, brush in hand, and surveyed it critically. Then she turned around—

"That's right!" said the man behind the gun, which in this case happened to be a pistol. "One yell and you're a dead woman."

The yell died in her throat. Clytie stood like a stone column.

"You don't seem pleased to see me!" her visitor ventured.

"I'm not," Clytie answered, succinctly.

Burglaribus opened his mouth and eyes simultaneously.

"You've got a steady head on yer," he remarked. "But that ain't wot I came here ter say. W're's yer dough?"

"I haven't any."

"Here now, none o' that," her visitor said threateningly. "Out with it. I'm a desperate character, I am, and I'm willin' ter take chances. Bring out yer cash or—"

"My good man," Clytie responded patiently. "I can't bring out what I haven't got. Shoot me if you feel inclined. There are people in the next studio, you know—men. They'd rush in the minute they heard the explosion—"

Burglaribus lowered the pistol and looked at her intently.

"You've got a head on yer, as I said," he remarked. "But stranglein' don't make no noise, an' I reckon I'll just hev' ter choke yer till yer feel like tellin' me a little more." He moved toward her.

"Hold on!" said Clytie firmly. "I don't see any fun in being strangled. But truly there's hardly any money in the room—only nine dollars and seventy-eight cents altogether, and it's in that little safe underneath the table. But you can't open it yourself—"

"No, but youse kin open it for me," Burglaribus responded.

He laid his pistol down, leaned his elbow on the table, and watched Clytie with calm interest as she stooped for the little safe.

"See," she said, kneeling and holding it toward him, "just feel! Isn't it heavy?"

Burglaribus "hefted" the safe. The next moment his head came in contact with the hard-wood floor of the studio—and when he recovered his balance he was alone. Clytie had frantically grabbed his good right leg, yanked it from under him, then had rushed to the door and slammed it behind her. Burglaribus, swearing terribly, rubbed his aching head and looked for a way of escape. But it was too late. The studio door was flung open and the "men" in the "next studio" rushed in.

Burglaribus was promptly nabbed and escorted to a police station.

For the next fortnight Clytie was besieged by interviewers of all kinds and sorts. She sold several small pictures at prices which made her wish that a sneak-thief or so would visit her weekly, and with the proceeds of one of them took a few lessons in self-defense.

She became quite an enthusiast on the subject, and acquired several really clever tricks, then settled down to her painting and gradually forgot her sudden rise to prominence. She was painting and whistling gaily one morning when the door behind her opened softly.

She turned and beheld a middle-aged stranger of sinister aspect. "e regarded her for a minute in silence, then put his hand in his hip pocket.

"Another one!" she gasped, plunging into the adjoining studio. "Oh, an awful-looking beast. Get him, quick."

The three men promptly dropped their pipes, gossip, etc., and rushed to the rescue, Clytie followed.

"Confound you!" yelled Burglaribus the Second. "Call this a free country? Are you all lunatics here? Can't a man call on his relatives without being knocked down and walked on? Can't he—"

At the word "relatives" the men slackened their hold and looked at Clytie.

"Why," said Clytie, amazed and indignant, "you don't suppose a silly bluff like that will help you. You know I'm no relative of yours. Oh, don't let him get his pistol!"

"Here," he howled as Clytie's knighth promptly collared him afresh. "one of you jackasses put your hand in my pocket and get my card-case out, confound you."

The brother artist did as requested, and produced a silver card-case from which he drew forth a card bearing the name "Jehu N. Woolston, Scantigrasse, Oregon."

"Why, Woolston was my mother's name," said Clytie faintly.

"That young idiot's mother was my cousin," said Jehu Woolston wrathfully. "I've made my pile out West, and as I've no near relative of my own, it struck me that I'd come to New York and hunt that child up. And a nice welcome I got!" he finished, glaring vindictively at the crimson Clytie.

"A nice welcome—"

(Copyright.)

New Idea of Irish Brogue.

According to some language students Irish brogue is the ancient way of pronouncing English, preserved in its purity by residents of the Emerald Isle.

Worthless but Beloved Pup.

A dog fancier is a person who will give \$1,000 for a dog with a long pedigree. A dog lover will divide his living and lodging with a dog that couldn't be sold for a quarter, but chances to be his friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DAN AND NINETY-THREE

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

He Came Back

Willaber heard the door of his private office open and was conscious that some one had crossed the room and stood at his elbow, but he finished what he was writing without looking up. Then when he had carefully blotted the line he swung about in his chair. A thickset man with a pale face and close-cropped hair stood before him nervously twisting his hat.

"Dick!" cried Willaber. He sprang from his chair, grasped the visitor's hand and shook it warmly.

"So you remember me, do you, Fred?"

"Remember you? As if I could forget you! Why, man, there has not been a day for the last two years that I have not thought of you!"

"Yes, it has been two years. Two long—"

"Say, do you remember Knowlson's white cherry tree? And Lents' peach orchard? I certainly am glad to see you again! Sit down. You must go to lunch with me! I want to talk over old times! Say, was there a worse pair of boys in the whole village than we were?"

"The neighbors didn't think so, Fred. But I don't want to talk over these times."

"How does it happen—"

The governor made me a present of a pardon. I was turned loose New Year's morning."

"Well, isn't that fine! It was a shame you were ever imprisoned. I knew you were not guilty. You couldn't be."

"Yes, I was guilty, Fred."

"You—what?"

"Yes," said the other, a note of hopelessness in his voice. "I only got what was coming to me."

"Why, Dick!"

"Well?"

"I—I am sorry. But never mind, you are free now. You will never do such a thing again."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it! Have you seen your wife?"

"It was the first place I went, of course."

"Have you told her?"

"That I was guilty? Yes."

"How old is the little girl now?"

"Claribel is three now."

"That's great! And you're going to start all over again and the three of you will be just as happy as toads in a barrel."

"That is what I came to see you about, Fred."

"I'm mighty glad you thought of me the first thing. Tell me what I can do."

"I answered an advertisement for a place in a grocery house this morning, and the job has been promised me provided I can get a letter of reference. I asked if a letter from you would do, and the manager told me it would be as good as gold. The place will be held open until noon."

"Did you tell him—"

"That I had been a convict? You don't understand. That would queer me in a minute. I have got to have a chance to prove that I am on the square before I let that be known."

"I—see."

"You will recommend me, Fred?"

"What can I say?"

"Don't you believe me to be honest?"

"I certainly do."

"Then, you'll do it! By George, you always were the squarest—"

"It wouldn't be right."

"Oh, well, I suppose you know best. I was a fool to hope that you would help me. You are like all the rest. A man whose foot has slipped ought to reform and lead an upright life and all that sort of thing, but you won't help him do it. But I'll show you!"

"Show me what, Dick?"

"Show you that I will make good in spite of you and your kind."

"Wait a minute, old friend—"

"Wait? To hear a sermon and get a package of advice? No, I'll go home and tell Nellie that the old friendship from which I had hoped for so much never really existed. I must make my own chance."

"I don't want to preach to you, old boy. Here, let me read you what I was writing when you came in: 'Wanted—Assistant to superintendent in large factory; must furnish references; apply at office of Wilfred A. Willaber.' Do you see, Dick? I couldn't ask others to do what I wouldn't do myself. That ad was going into tomorrow's paper, but I believe I'll tear it up now."

"Fred, you don't mean—"

"Can you go to work tomorrow, Dick?"

"Fred, I—"

"That's all right. I think I am mighty lucky to get a man I know and can trust. Come, put on your hat and go to lunch. Do you know, only yesterday I was thinking of you, and the time you got hung up by the trousers in Knowlson's cherry tree!"

Ring Seems to Be Real Hoodoo.

The head of the Paris Morgue is responsible for the statement—and it is vouched for by the late chief of the Paris police—that five times within his experience dead bodies brought to the morgue were found to be wearing a ring of Oriental make, and bearing these words in Oriental characters: "May whoever wears this ring die a miserable death."

Daily Thought.

There are seasons when to be still demands immensely higher strength than to act.—Channing.

Sincerity.

The more sincere we are in our beliefs, as a rule the less demonstrative we are.—Beecher.

Diplomacy or Dishonesty?

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and he will resolve you into his bosom.—Fielding.

It was in a division dispatcher's office of the B. & O. railroad, and the party was a group of engineers who were having a quiet smoke and chat over old times, while waiting for orders to start out.

"Boys," said one of them, "d'you remember old Dan Reynolds?"

"Guess I do," said another.

"When I was fir—"

in on the Susquehanna division, Dan was haulin' coal trains. It was said that he never was known to get stuck on a grade. Used to pull the heaviest trains on the road, too, with that old Ninety-three of his."

"I've often heard about him," said another. "They used to say he thought more of his engine than a wife, and that he'd rather stay on it than go to a hotel."

"That's so, Bill; you're right there!" exclaimed the oldest one of the party, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Dan Reynolds would always stay by his engine under all circumstances, though he never had a smash-up or killed a man. I remember one time he stayed, and I sha'n't forget it as long as I live."

"We had three engines on. Old Dan with Ninety-three was 'head. Then came Jim Barton with One-hundred-and-eighty, and then me. Before leavin', Burr, the general superintendent, came along and said as there was some passeng'rs who wanted to catch a steamer next day at Philadelphia, and for us to connect at Harrisburg, if it was possible."

"Well, we went along, runnin' with about two feet of snow on a level. For over thirty miles we didn't have much trouble. Finally we came to the 'Broad-cut.'

"The snow fills in there four and five feet, even when the wind isn't blowin' at all. Suddenly Dan blew for brakes, and we stopped."

"Then I saw the conductor go up to Dan and commence talking to him, Dan shakin' his head. I found out afterward that the conductor wanted him to give up tryin' to go through on account of the drifts, but the old man wouldn't hear to it."

"Then the conductor got aboard, Ninety-three whistled twice, and we started with a full head of steam. It didn't seem as though anything could stop us, and nothin' did for most a mile. All at once we slowed up and stopped. I had my throttle wide open, the sand-pipe open, and the drivers went around so that the sparks flew up to the cab-windows. But it was no go."

"I got out on my tender and looked round. Everything was snow and the drifts were as high as the cab-windows."

"I could see old Dan in his cab tryin' to back his engine. One hand was on the throttle and the other on the lever, his cap was off and his gray hair and grizzly beard was blowin' in the wind."

"We took the fire-shovels and managed to dig a path alongside the train so that the passengers could get out to the end of the drift. Then everybody but Jim and I started for a small town, a couple of miles back on the road."

"We went up into Ninety-three's cab, and there sat old Dan bareheaded, just as he'd stopped work."

"Says I: 'Come on, Dan, put on your cap; we're goin' back to Blossburg and wait for help. The storm's comin' on heavy, and you'll be covered up if you stay here!'"

"The old man lifted up his head and said: 'Boys, I don't go back to any town. I made up my mind to get this train through, but I can't do it. It's the first time I was ever stalled in my life. But 'tain't the 'old-machine's fault, and she feels it as much as I do. She and I'll stay together now, if it snows a hundred feet deep.'

"I knew 'twas no use arguin' with him. He'd stay, if he made up his mind to, and so we left him sittin' there. By this time it was after midnight, and the snow came down thick and fast, but we finally reached the town. Next morning we all shouldered shovels and got on the wreckin' train 'which had been sent from Pittsburgh."

"We came to the cut, but nothin' was to be seen but snow. Engines, cars, and all were buried in it. We finally reached where the train was and commenced to dig around it."

"At last we saw the head engine. I climbed up and pulled back the cab curtain. The old man was still there. He was kinder standin' up and leanin' forward, lookin' ahead the engine as he always did when comin' into the station."

"One hand was on the lever and the other was at the throttle, but all the valves were closed, the fires out and the cab half full of snow from the windows, which were all blown open."

"I looked in his face and—" here the speaker's voice dropped nearly to a whisper—"boys, I saw that old Dan Reynolds had made his last run."

(Copyright.)

Rather a Large Order.

A little boy was asked by his busy mother to telephone the grocer for certain household supplies. This is the way the message ended: "Please charge and send ten cents' worth of animal crackers, and please take out all the elephants, because the baby is afraid of them."

Father Has No Chance.

The reason father hates to play cards with mother is because if he loses he loses and if he wins he loses.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Excursion Fares

VIA THE

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South.

FROM

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Knoxville, Tenn. \$8.65. Summer School of the South, University of Tennessee. Tickets on sale July 11-18. Final limit fifteen days unless extended.

Savannah, Ga. \$8.80. Georgia State Co-ored Teachers Association, National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools. Tickets on sale July 28-29; final limit August 5, 1914.

Kansas City, Mo. \$37.00. Grand Aerie, Fraternal Order of Eagles. Tickets on sale August 1-2-3; final limit August 15, 1914.

Tuskegee, Ala. \$13.05. National Order of Mosaic Templars of America. Tickets on sale July 19-20; final limit July 27, 1914.

Waynesville (Lake Junaluska) N.C. \$5.60. Sunday School and Epworth League Conference. Tickets on sale July 13 to 17; final limit August 7, 1914. Educational Conference. Tickets on sale August 1 to 4; final limit August 16, 1914.

Monteagle and Sownee: Tenn. \$11.50. Opening Assembly. Missionary and Sunday School Weeks. Music Festival. Tickets on sale July 6-10-17-24-25, August 3-7-14; final limit September 5, 1914.

Nashville, Tenn. \$12.70. Peabody College Summer School. Tickets on sale July 14, final limit fifteen days unless extended.

Black Mountain, N. C. Ridgecrest, N. C. \$5.25. Tickets on sale July 14-15-20-24, August 3-4-10-11-18, final limit sixteen days.

Proportionately low fares from other points.

SEABOARD SCHEDULES.

Northbound.

No. 30.....12:53 p. m.
No. 6.....5:15 p. m.
No. 18.....10:00 p. m.
No. 12.....2:02 p. m.

Southbound.

No. 29.....4:00 p. m.
No. 5.....1:43 p. m.
No. 17.....5:30 a. m.
No. 11.....3:04 a. m.

Warning to Uplifters.

Some uplifters fail to remember that, if you lift people too high up, the air becomes too rarefied for ordinary humans to breathe.—Charleston News and Courier.

Naturally Fortified.

"I am afraid that man is going to say something he will be sorry for." "Don't worry," replied Miss Cayenne; "people who make a specialty of reckless talk seldom have the discernment to be sorry."

Wise Johnny.

Johnny's uncle was visiting at his house. He was saying to Johnny: "I hope you never fight with your little neighbor." "No, siree," answered Johnny, promptly. "He's stronger than I."

Hammock Comfort.

If you want solid comfort this summer, hang your hammock under the trees, then place another old hammock or piece of canvas, stretched out flat, three or four feet above it. Sew on the "upper berth" mosquito netting, letting it hang to the ground. The ends of the netting may be held together with hatpins. Safe behind the screen flies and mosquitoes will not bother you.—Woman's World.

Main Thing.

At the end of a somewhat sweeping peroration the young lady said: "And now, Mrs. Smith, would you not like to have a vote and exercise the privilege of citizenship?" To which, says the Glasgow News, the lady of the scrubbing brush made a typically feminine reply. "I don't know, miss," she said, agitatedly; "what would it cost?"

Always a Sealed Book.

In deciding a case of disagreement between the right kind of man and any kind of woman, nobody less wise than God will ever find out whether justice has been even approximated.

Cromwell.

Cromwell had no royal blood in his veins. The contention that such was the case failed when put to the test. The Old Protector belonged to what is known as the "Gentry." His only rank lay in his genius and unconquerable will-power. His "blood" was just plain English blood, and could in no way claim to have "crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

See Life in Right Light.

Hold your dull life up to the light, and see how it will be transfigured. Life is not meant to be a path of ease, but steep and rugged; and it is only through self-denial, discouragement, discipline and trial that you may attain the higher life.—Light on the Hidden Way.

Unkindness of Fate.

For "placing an obstacle on the rail and thereby causing a train to stop," a peasant of Niñi Novgorod was fined \$5. He was trying to commit suicide, and the obstacle was his own head.—St. Petersburg Wireless to New York Times.

Shattered.

He was a Hollander, just arrived in this country to seek his fortune, and he had much difficulty in regulating his pronunciation, and at times his words were almost unintelligible to his host's small boy, who sat in a corner of the room, somewhat mystified. At last the Hollander departed, and the small boy said to his father: "Daddy, is he a broken Englishman?"

All the Conveniences.

Auto Agent—"This car, complete with every modern improvement and a copy of the divorce and bankruptcy laws of every state. \$2,000."

Marvelous Works of Art to be Shown at San Francisco

Thirty-six of the World's Navies Will Participate Officially Upon a Stupendous Scale—World's Most Noted Architects Create City of Palaces the Like of Which Man Has Never Beheld—England to Exhibit.

The photographs upon this page reveal just a few of the thousands of marvels that will be seen by the millions who visit the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco next year.

The opening of the Panama canal is regarded by the nations as one of the most stupendous events in the history of the world, and in recognition of the great work at Panama there will be exhibited in San Francisco such a display of the world's progress as has never been seen before.

The news that England will exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is evidence of the amazing interest that is everywhere taken in America's Panama canal celebration.

Thirty-six of the world's great nations will officially participate in the exposition. Here is the list: Argentina, Australia, Austria, Bolivia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Panama, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, Siam, Spain, Sweden, Turkey Uruguay, Venezuela and Great Britain. The nations have appropriated enormous sums. The Argentine, for example, has appropriated \$1,300,000 gold for its display; Canada has appropriated \$600,000 and construction is far advanced on the great Canadian pavilion.

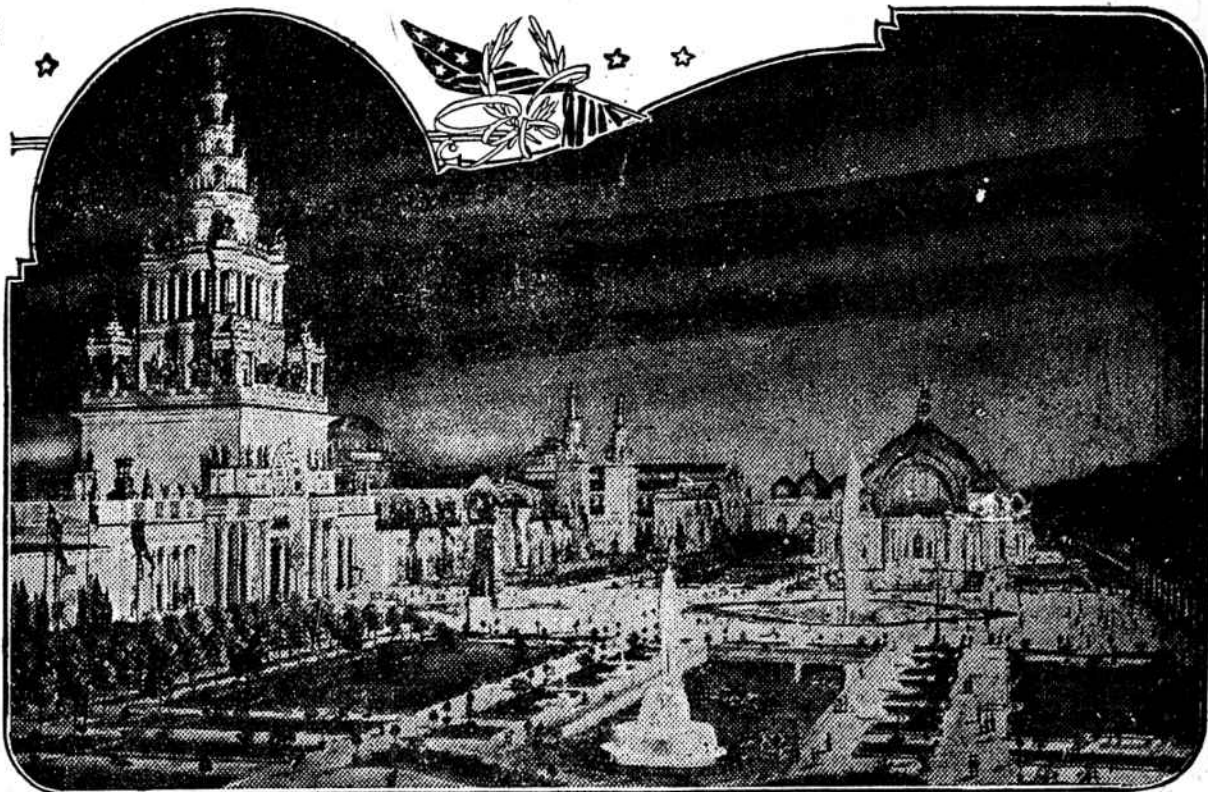
The natives of every civilized country on earth will be enabled at San Francisco to behold a surpassing view of the progress of their native land.

Throughout the United States and in foreign lands millions of people are planning to visit the exposition next year. At a recent meeting of the Transcontinental Passenger association it was decided to make great reductions in railroad fares. The exposition opens on February 20 and closes on December 4, 1915.

The exposition today is one of the sights of the world. The passenger on a steamer through the Golden Gate beholds the vast domes of the exposition palaces rising like the domes and minarets of a fabled Oriental city. Before the main group of exposition palaces, which face north upon the harbor for more than one mile, a great sea esplanade has been constructed; this has been wonderfully landscaped with thousands of rare trees and shrubs brought from distant parts of the world. Here multitudes will gather during the exposition to view by day the assembled warships of the world's navies and at night a wonderful series of colored illuminations visible forty or fifty miles away. The entire exposition grounds parallel San Francisco harbor for almost three miles.

A HANDSOME book of sixty pages, illustrated profusely in colors and giving detailed descriptions of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to be held in San Francisco from February 20 until December 4, 1915, and of the Panama canal and the canal region, will be mailed by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition free of charge to all inquirers. The booklet is intended as a general guide to prospective visitors and will also contain information concerning the great engineering feat which the exposition is to celebrate. Write to the Manager, the Bureau of Publications, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Exposition building, San Francisco, for the booklet.

VAST SOUTH GARDENS OF THE MARVEL EXPOSITION CITY AT NIGHT.



Night view of South Gardens and main entrance to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Dominating the scene at the left of the picture is the Tower of Jewels, rising some 435 feet into the air, its architectural lines marked with thousands of glittering hand-polished crystals of many colors and its whole surface softly glowing with the reflected light from the arcs which are hidden from the spectator. Further down the facade, at about the center of the picture, may be seen the two slender towers which guard the entrance to the Court of Palms and directly in front of the Tower of Jewels is A. Stirling Calder's "Fountain of Energy." In the background at the extreme left may be seen the top of the triumphal Arch of the Rising Sun, surmounted by the group "The Nations of the East."

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Haddon-Wilson Company SHIRT WAIST SALE!

All our Shirt Waists will go on Sale July 15th, AT COST---FOR CASH. If you are going away for the Summer this will afford you an opportunity to get new, fresh shirt waists at a Bargain.

Shirt Waist Silks!

All our 32 inch Wash Silks, regular price 75 cents, reduced to 59 cents---FOR CASH.

Now is the Time to Pick Up Bargains for Summer Wear

HADDON-WILSON CO.